

"LOVE
OF
SELF
LEADS
TO
CONTEMPT
OF
GOD"

RESTORATION

"LOVE
OF
GOD
LEADS
TO
CONTEMPT
OF
SELF"

—St. Augustine

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No. 4

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Creator and Custodian of us all; Ever since that moment of strange delight at the altar rail in San Antonio, I have been thinking of Your precious gift of breath.

Breath of life. Whatever breathes, man or brute or whale or snail or flea, has life. When it ceases to breathe it is dead. Yet the breather dies a little with every breath, every gasp, sigh, snort, word, song, or more.

We breathe our way constantly to You, God. Each moment we come closer and closer to You and Your justice or Your Mercy. In the middle of a breath we may fall suddenly into Your loving arms, or go crashing past them into hell.

Make Me Love You More

I am approaching You, swiftly or slowly—I know not—as I write. But I have no dread. I know You will have compassion on me. For You know I love You. Oh that I loved You more!

We are not always conscious that breath is Your sovereign gift to us. We do not prize it. We take it as something ordinary yet peculiarly our own, something we have a right to, something that belongs to us inherently—and therefore calls for no special gratitude to You. It is usually someone else's breath we think of. We like or dislike it.

"Sweet as a baby's breath", we say. "The wages of gin is breath", we say. "A breath of Spring", we say. "A breathless day", we say, "a breathless hour." We spend millions, and make fortunes, advertising liquids and powders and capsules and spices to prevent bad breath. We spend millions on food freighted with garlic and onions, and we consume bad liquor by the gallon, not caring who does or does not smell the breath that we exhale.

Most of us see no mystery in lungs that keep life blowing in and out of us, a miracle men cannot imitate. We boast of making artificial lungs, forgetting we stole the pattern from You, the Maker of all patterns. We take the credit, Lord. We are omniscient, not You. We are all powerful, not You. Be patient with us, Lord, while we still breathe!

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Breath of Glory

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth!" And I have loved the beauty of the breath You gave us, and the glory that can dwell within it.

Great singers have used their breath to thrill me with their songs, their hymns, their "come all ye's", and their chants. Great orators have held me spellbound. I remember Clarence Darrow, after all these years, and the three days during the trial of Leopold and Loeb when he talked of the dreams and the ambitions and the hopes and the trials and the temptations of boys, pleading with Judge Caverley not to hang his clients but to put them in jail for the rest of their natural lives, using his breath to save the breath of two boys charged with murder.

The breath of marching men, poured into reeds and brasses, has often sent me scurrying out of doors, my blood pumping in the rhythm of the music, my adrenalin keeping the cadence of the moving band. The breath of players on the stage—or the shadows of players on a strip of celluloid—the breath of little children saying their prayers, the breath of Fr. Callahan raised with joy and triumph in the Exultet of the Easter liturgy, the breath of any priest celebrating Mass, and the breaths that answer from the choir, all have power over me.

Breath of Love

The breath of women dear to me, and the calm, even, assured breath of my two sons, sleeping at last at the end of a noisy day, have given me joy, content, serenity, and peace. I have found pleasure in the breaths of little boys that fill a gaudy thin balloon until it bursts, or shoots amazingly on high; in the breath of little girls blowing iridescent bubbles out of pipes; and in the breath of boyhood comrades whistling to me from a distance.

How often have You not lifted my heart to You, permitting me to inhale the magnificence of Your world! Here in the dust of Western Texas, looking at stretches of desert, at ridges of blue and violet and purple mountains—now veiled by clouds of dust, and now revealed in all their splendor—at cottonwood trees and patches of greasewood and cactus, at acres and acres of dancing and leaping and soaring tumbleweeds, and at roads that are bordered by irrigation ditches, I can still remember the sharp odor of the giant pines in Combermere, and how I pulled their balsam deep into me and held it, with a long breath, like a litany of thanks.

I can breathe the dust into me, God; and feel You in it. There is dust on Your hands and feet, and on Your clothes, and in Your tangled hair. And there is dust on Your face; but it is hidden by sweat, and tiny streams of blood, and the spittle of the mob, and tears of pity for your tortures.

The World is a Breath

I have breathed Your storms into me, on land and sea; and I have loved them. I have breathed Your rain falling on green grass, or old dead leaves, or the sun-warped shingles of a farm house roof. I have breathed the clean chill scent of Your snow, the calm of Your sun at noon, and the tranquility of Your moon and stars at night. I have sniffed Your deserts; and I have inhaled Your wide salt seas greedily, letting them pour into my being at the flood tide. Yea, with the breath You gave me I have encompassed deserts and fields and gardens and mountains and seas, and made them sing to You in my miserable little heart. I have breathed them in, and I have breathed them out. Thus I have made them mine as well as Yours, and I may offer them to You, Lord, with my name on them, and a string of X's after the name.

I have breathed You into me, too, God; do not ever let me breathe You out!

I breathe You in everything that has a flavor. I feel You most surely in the fragrance of the wild roses that run so gaily through the fields and on the hillside near Madonna House. They will never take a ribbon at

(Continued on Page 4)

AN EASTER MESSAGE

By Rev. John T. Callahan

For Christians, these are happy days, for in this month we celebrate the greatest of all our religious feasts of the whole year—the Feast of Easter. And the shouts of the children enjoying the Easter holidays, almost takes us back through the centuries when all the world practically was Christian, and our forefathers spent the whole Easter week as a continual feast, and abstained from all servile labor, just as we do on Sundays and holidays.

Christmas is indeed a great feast; for it centers around the home, and a baby; but Easter is a greater feast, for it is the climax of that life of our divine Savior and loving Lord, whose beginning we celebrated at Christmas.

And why is Easter such a happy feast? First, because of the triumph it brought to Christ, and secondly because of the wondrous results it achieved for our own lives.

Triumph!

For Christ, our Lord, it was a triumph and a victory. He had come to do His Father's will, and the price was His life—the shedding of His blood, the offering of Himself as a sacrifice for others, the true Paschal lamb, of whom St. John the Baptist said, "Behold the lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world." For this reason, Almighty God gave Him His name, for Gabriel the Archangel was instructed to say to Joseph and to Mary, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus because He shall save His people from their sins." And later St. Paul tells us that "He was given a name that is above all names, that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow of those on the earth, above the earth, and below the earth." And our Lord was, as the Psalms say, like a giant eager to run his course; He was straitened until His work be done. And He foretold it all.

He reminded His listeners that He had the power to lay down His life and to take it up again; that they might destroy this temple of His body but in three days He would again rebuild it; and that the sign that would be given them was as the sign of Jonas who by God's power was in the belly of the great fish for three days and emerged alive.

Victory

So, the brilliant sun of the first Easter witnessed His triumph. His triumph over His enemies who put Him to death; His triumph over the power of the devil and evil; His triumph over sin. He emerged from the tomb as a victor, a victor over death—death of the body; and sin, death of the soul. He thus performed His greatest miracle; He thus fulfilled the prophecies, and His own foretellings. He thus proved that He was and is the Son of God, Jesus the Savior, Who said to Martha, "I am the Resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he be dead, shall live; and every one that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever."

Let us Rejoice

And so we begin to see the wondrous results that this fact of history, this triumph, has achieved in our own lives. Without Christ, we are the sinful children of a sinful father, Adam. We wander in darkness, depraved by sin, weak-willed, and inclined to evil. But Christ, the Light of the world, has come, as says St. John, "He is the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world", and so He illumined the way to heaven, and could truly say, "I am the way, the truth, the life." And so now we walk, not in darkness, but in the surety of light, knowing where we are going. And we are born again of water and the Holy Ghost through the Sacrament of Baptism, and we have food for the way in His own body and blood given to us in Holy Communion in the Sacrament of the

AN EASTER MESSAGE

Men, brethren, you know the word which has been published through all Judea, for it began from Galilee, after the baptism that John preached; how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed by the devil, for God was with Him.

"And we are witnesses of all things that He did in the lands of the Jews and in Jerusalem; Whom they killed, hanging Him upon a tree. Him God raised up the third day, and gave Him to be manifest, not to all the people, but to witnesses pre-ordained by God; even to us, who did eat and drink with Him after He rose from the dead."

"And He commanded us to preach to the people and to testify that it is He Who was appointed by God to be judge of the living and the dead. To Him all the prophets gave testimony, that by His name all who believe in Him receive remission of sins."

Saint Peter.
(Acts of the Apostles)

Eucharist, and we no longer need be the sinful children of a sinful parent because now we are a redeemed generation, a people who have been saved, and who have been called to share a kingdom, to inherit God's realm. "In My Father's house there are many mansions." Now we are no longer slaves to the devil, nor servants to sin, but we are heirs, adopted sons, yea St. Paul tells us co-heirs with Christ. For He has redeemed us, He has paid the price of divine justice, He has merited for us every blessing. He has gained for us every grace we need and so we can live convinced Christians, followers of a crucified Lord and a risen Savior, and we can be secure in our knowledge that He is the Resurrection and the Life.



PEACE
BE TO YOU
ALLELUIA

Eyes Held-
And Beheld
By C.V.

Christ is Flesh and Blood and He walks within our dust, within the frame of this restricted horizon; He walks under this pale, vaulted sky, calling out, with an anguish that fills all void with thunder, The souls adrift upon precarious currents, neither rising nor falling, neither in ecstasy nor pain, neither living nor dying, blown through the temporal and knowing not the warm Breath of Love the Beginning of all songs, the Giver of all gifts, the Source of all rivers,

Marian Centre Host to Secular Institutes

(10528-08 St., Edmonton, Alberta)—March 6th certainly was a wonderful day for Madonna House apostolate! And definitely a historical one!

For on that winter Sunday, Marian Centre, our foundation in Edmonton, was host to six "Secular Institutes-in-the-making," or to be canonically correct—six "Pious Unions"—which had come together for the first time (at the request of Archbishop Anthony Jordan and Archbishop John Hugh MacDonald) to present to the priests of the Edmonton Archdiocese, the history of their foundations, their ways and techniques of training, their apostolic goals—in a word their way of life in this new, as yet little known, vocation.

Strange as it might seem, the Catholics of U.S.A. and of English-speaking Canada are as yet quite unfamiliar with the whole idea of "Secular Institutes."

Whereas in Europe, Latin America, and even the Mission countries, both Clergy and Laity are very familiar with the hundreds of Secular Institutes in various stages of their canonical growth, here they remain a mystery, not only to the laity, but often to the clergy themselves.

A New Vocation

Yet the vocation they embrace is a very simple, easily understood vocation. Eminent suited to our times, yet another proof of the eternal youthfulness of the Church, and her answer, as it were, to the fears and doubts that fill men's hearts and souls in this atomic space age.

Faced with a war of ideas. Of millions of people denying God and His very existence, faced too with a growing materialism and secularism, the Church turned its eyes to the laity, remembering that they were a "kingly people and a priestly people", and that each baptized Christian had been commanded by God "...to go and preach the Gospel" ... in a word, to be an Apostle, that is, one who is sent.

In the twenties of this century, in answer to the call from the then-reigning Pope, Catholic Action was born and the laity was urged ... "To participate in the Apostolate of the Hierarchy"—to form themselves into groups—to train in the virtues of their religion, and to witness to Christ in the market place under the direction of priests specially appointed by the bishops of a given diocese who "mandated" (or officially appointed) such groups to do specific works of the Apostolate in his diocese.

As time went on, and Catholic Action grew and continued to witness to Christ in every part of the world where men have their being, many members of such Catholic Action groups hungered with a great hunger to dedicate their whole lives to this type of lay Apostolate, and to do it "in the heart of the Church" somehow, becoming part of its canonical family without losing its status of being LAY.

No one really knew how this could take place, but many prayed that it might somehow be resolved.

New Legislation

And resolved it was by the late Pope Pius XII, who, in 1947, gave the world two vital documents—"Provida Mater Ecclesia" and "Primo Feliciter", in which he, in so many words, bending down to the laity, desirous of thus dedicating itself to the apostolate of the market place totally, lifted them up, by the powers given to him from on High, into the State of Perfection, even as religious, and yet declared with all the powers of his office that they need not change their lay status and become "Religious" in the canonical sense of the word, but remain "Secular" or LAY, in the full generic and canonical sense of the word.

He called this new status and vocation "Secular Institutes"

In brief, this vocation can be summarized by saying that members of a Secular Institute may be laywomen and laymen or both who desire to "TOTALLY DEDICATE THEMSELVES TO GOD UNDER THE EVANGELICAL COUNSELS OF PERFECTION—POVERTY, CHASTITY AND OBEDIENCE—FOR LIFE AND ENGAGE THEMSELVES IN THE MINISTRY OF THE APOSTOLATE."

By the word "Ministry of the Apostolate" he meant the lay apostolate of the market place. The members of such Secular Institutes were to go and re-baptize the world. They were not to be apart from it, but live in the very midst of it.

New Strength

If one stops just for a moment and thinks of the strength of those Commandees of God, which, in the hands of the Catholic Hierarchy the world over, are obedient and pliant instruments, that put themselves completely at the service of the Church, one can without any difficulty, realize the immense powerhouse that thousands of such dedicated lay people living in poverty, chastity and obedience, trained in a long, arduous, specialized training, can mean for the spread of the Kingdom of God ... there will remain little wonder that the Hierarchy of the U.S.A. and Canada are both importing members of such Institutes from abroad, and welcoming the foundations of new American and Canadian Institutes.

Important Meeting

Six such groups met in Marian Centre, Edmonton, witnessing to the fact that this new vocation has come to the New World to stay.

Miss Ludwine Dirnen, Director of the new Calgary foundation of the Institute of Maria Annunciatia; Miss Bernice Carr, Regional Director of the Oblate Missionaries of the Immaculate; Mr. Paul Coutu of the Voluntas Dei Institute; Mrs. Catherine de Hueck Doherty, Foundress and Director General of the women's Institute of Domus Dominae (Madonna House apostolate); Rev. John T. Callahan, Director General of Domus Domini—the men's Institute of Madonna House apostolate—all had come to Marian Centre at the request of both Archbishops of Edmonton to present this new vocation to the priests of Edmonton.

One thing became immediately apparent as each of the representatives of their respective Institutes spoke.

Each had started in a small, unspectacular way. In each case, a group of lay people gathered together to perform a particular witnessing on the market place ... a particular apostolic work that was crying out in their countries to be attended to. After a short time each had sought the help first of a priest, and then, through his ministry, the approval and interest of the Bishop of their diocese.

Each was given a temporary approval and told to proceed under the direction of an appointed priest to live out their apostolic call.

After a given time each were ready to write their Constitutions in the framework of the Papal documents. Each received an approval from the Bishop and became, canonically speaking, a diocesan Pious Union on its way to final approval as a Secular Institute. This approval to be given eventually by the Sacred Congregation of Religious after due experiments with both the Constitutions and the apostolic ministry.

Such a pattern is the normal procedure of all Secular Institutes.

But once they are Officially APPROVED BY THE ORDINARY OF THEIR DIOCESE AS A PIOUS UNION ON ITS WAY TO BECOMING A SECULAR INSTITUTE THEY CAN FUNCTION ALREADY AS AN OFFICIAL CHURCH BODY, ACCEPT FOUNDATIONS AND GROW ACCORDINGLY TO THE DESIRE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

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WHERE LOVE IS - GOD IS

The blinding light of Christ's Resurrection sheds its infinite joy upon the world once more.

The doors of Paradise are wide open now . . . and we shall not die, but live . . . if we have observed—through our earthly life . . . the Great Commandments of Love . . . that the Resurrected Christ left us, as the key to that eternal life. Our hearts should sing an endless Alleluia, for the promise of God has been fulfilled. He indeed so loved the world—as to give us His Son, Who was Incarnated and died on the Cross . . . and through this Incarnation and Redemption and Resurrection . . . conquered death, and atoned for Adam's sin.

Alleluia! . . . Alleluia! . . . Alleluia! . . .

God loved us first . . . He proved this by creating us in His image and likeness . . . Christ proved it to us by His death for us . . . For He so passionately loved us . . . loved our soul . . . that He died for it. Greater love has no man, than he dies for his fellow man!

Now—it remains to us to fulfill His immense commandment of Love.

It remains for us to LOVE HIM BACK . . . AS TOTALLY . . . AS PASSIONATELY . . . AS COMPLETELY . . . AS HE LOVED US. For our Religion . . . our Faith . . . in its essence, is a love affair between God and man . . . and man and God.

Yes, we must love Him back . . . and prove it to Him by loving our neighbor as ourselves.

Are we?

Unless we begin . . . for us, His death and Resurrection . . . will be in vain. We shall not see His face . . . for on Love alone we shall be judged.

Now is the time . . . to begin that loving of God and neighbor . . . in earnest. For it is Spring . . . the time of Hope . . . the time of Faith . . . and the time of Love.

If we do begin to love, as love we should . . . then the Kingdom of God will begin here on earth . . . Then, His peace will come to dwell with us. And the happiness that we seek so vainly in passing things, will come and dwell with us, on earth. And both peace and love will escort us to heaven . . . for we shall not die, but live . . . eternally . . . before the Face of the God Who loved us so much.

But if we do not begin loving . . . then we shall destroy ourselves, our civilization . . . this very earth we walk upon . . . and we shall know death.

This must not happen . . . this cannot happen . . . for Christ has verily Risen . . . truly, He has risen!

Alleluia! . . .



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FAITH; and fear

Fear is overcome by laughter.
Laughter is a gift of God. Fear
is a gift of the devil. No one smiles
in hell.

Fear is like a badly painted picture
that is hung on the next
moment; when you get there, it
is on the next.

Fear is disproportionate. Like a
bunch of leprechauns standing on
one another's shoulders, covered
with a shroud, looking immense
and tall. Blow the breath of
FAITH, and they tumble and
come to size.

So, laugh like a child. Like a
child who hears its father's foot-
steps. Listen, and you can hear
them; for if the Son is here or
near—where the Son is, there is
also the Father! Or—like a child
who sees a bird. Look, and see the
Dove; for where the Father and
Son are, there also is the Holy
Spirit; Or—like a child who
knows its mother is close. Mary is
always close to souls!
There is love and beauty, inside
and out—so laugh!

Eddies of 1960

By Eddie Doherty

Everybody, I suppose, has his favorite set of heroes; men he's never met, perhaps, merely read about. The New York Yankees, for instance, Casa Loma orchestra, the United States Marines, the Don Cossacks, the American Olympic stars.

I have my heroes too. And my heroines for that matter. And though there may be athletes and trumpet players and gyrenes and singers among them, I do not think of them under any of these classifications.

We Need Saints

My heroes, my pet people, are saints, and those trying to become saints. It is my sincere belief that if you don't become a saint, you go to hell. There is no question in my mind about this. Nobody, but nobody as Gimbels says, can get into heaven unless he is a saint.

Of course many become saints only in purgatory. But who wants to go to Purgatory?

Among my current saints, my living saints, are the members of the Daily Mass League, recruited by Harold J. Coleman and a few friends, all laymen, in Rochester, New York, almost twenty years ago. The League didn't have enough men then to make up an ordinary army squad. Now it is big enough for a full division!

The gentlemen of the Daily Mass League will not thank me for referring to them as saints. They will wince when they hear about it—and when they see it in print. They will deny it. They will tell you they are far from being saints. They are. We all are far from sanctity. This applies not only to the laity but to the clergy and the hierarchy as well. Everybody will admit that.

We are an odd people, we Catholics in North America. We do not like to have people think of us as good! We turn red, or a fighting shade of purple, if anybody calls us pious. We pretend to despise certain virtues, we coin names to show we are innocent of them. "He's a do-gooder," we say scornfully. We have acquired, somehow, a false humility about ourselves, which gives us a distorted sense of values. We worship in secret, if we worship at all. And if we have a particular devotion to Our Lady or any of the saints, we think we should keep silent, lest people poke fun at us. We cannot stand ridicule, especially in our religious observances. We are, apparently, ashamed to avow our love of God, to proclaim it aloud, or even to show it!

They Make Converts

How different we are from the militant Moslems, who boast of their love for God, or the Mormons who call themselves "Latter Day Saints", or the Jehovah Witnesses who are so sure they alone are going to heaven!

Many Catholic men are milk-sops when it comes to admitting they believe in God, let alone being willing to fight for Him. Or they are clams. They do not realize that the days of the Catacombs have gone, and the days of the underground when laymen had to let only the priests speak and act. They do not know there is a war on, and that one must openly take sides. For God or against Him.

The gentlemen of the Daily Mass League would rather be called wet blankets than saints. A saint is one who gets to heaven. He may be a baby who dies just after Baptism. He may be a thief and a murderer hanging on a cross. But a saint, to the average American, is a "Holy Joe", a mamma's boy, a fanatic, a killjoy, even, God help us, a reformer!

We keep it a secret from the world—and even from our own children—that saints are normal people, passionate, happy, and intelligent men and women, fighters, preachers, witnesses to Christ. They do not wear their religion like Ku Klux Klan robes in which to hide. They let the world see how they love the Lord. It takes guts to be a saint—like John who stood beneath the cross and dared the anger and the jeers and the snubs of those who crucified the Lord. St. John! Yet every artist who ever painted him has made him look like a girl!

Who's for Christ?

The Church, the bride of Christ, is being crucified today in many parts of the world. Tens of thousands of priests and nuns have been imprisoned, exiled, or killed. Millions of Catholic laymen have been subjected to indignities, fines, hardships, privations, and even martyrdom. Yet there are still Catholics in America who do not open their mouths to protest, who do not openly proclaim their love for Christ. They want no part in the fight—the battle for and against the Church. They have

no liking for the spotlight. They have no intention of being thought a "goody-goody." If it comes to the test, what will they do? Reject Christ?

The gentlemen of the Daily Mass League do not boast of their love for God, but they are not ashamed of it, and do not care who knows about it. They neither parade their Catholicity nor hide it. Yet, because they are what they are, they show it constantly, even in spite of themselves. And they set a good example to all the rest of the Catholic men in the U.S.A. and Canada.

Our Father Gene

Our Father Gene Cullinane, now chaplain to our Madonna House Apostolate branch in the Yukon—Maryhouse, in Whitehorse—played a role in the foundation of the League. He was then a Basilian priest, the rector of a high school in Rochester. He met Mr. Coleman and his associates, and liked them. They had obtained the use of a downtown church, Our Lady of Victory, and they could have a noon Mass there every day if they could get a priest to say it.

Father Cullinane had to get up early in the morning to begin his long day; yet he volunteered to offer the noon Mass daily. That meant he would have to spend the morning and forenoon fasting.

Bishop J. E. Kearney thought that would be bad for Father Cullinane's health.

The laymen solved their problem in their own way. They were all early risers. Their business required them to be such. Mr. Coleman, president and general manager of the Will Corporation, manufacturers of laboratory equipment, with branch plants in five other cities, had a thousand things to do in the morning. Yet each of those men decided to get up an hour or so earlier and go to Mass and Communion before doing anything else.

Now there are eight churches, in Rochester, that have noon Masses. Our Lady of Victory, no longer the ancient edifice it was in 1940, is one of them. Every day 350 or more men come to Mass at Our Lady of Victory; and more than half of them receive Holy Communion.



Saints on the March

The League didn't stay in Rochester. It spread all over New York State. It spread to other states, to other countries. The Rev. Edward Callens, S.S.C.C., now pastor of Our Lady of Victory, Msgr. John E. Maney, Chancellor of the diocese, and other priests, helped to swell the army of daily Mass attendants; but most of the work was done by the original group headed by "Hal" Coleman.

The Daily Mass League has no officers, no board of directors, no dues, no meetings. It exacts no pledges from its members. The expenses are taken care of by—well, the saints themselves. All one needs to join the League is a "genuine desire to attend Holy Mass Daily in such a manner that it fosters within oneself and others a greater devotion to the Most Holy Sacrifice." The sick and the bedridden, therefore, may become members, through their "genuine desire"; and so may participate in the spiritual benefits.

You can be a member. Write to the Daily Mass League, 10 Pleasant Street, Rochester, New York. Then you can live every day between two Masses. Mass, to the gentlemen of the League, is "the Golden Hour of the Day." If you give God a Golden Hour every day, with love, is it sane to think He will send you to hell? Of course it isn't! If you don't go to hell, Saint, you become a saint—even if you have to spend a few thousand years in purgatory to be sanctified. So why shouldn't I be allowed to refer to the gentlemen of the League as saints? Am I canonizing them? Who am I to canonize anybody? I'm trying, myself, to be a saint. And if I make it, so can you, whoever you are, whatever you've done.

Most everybody can go to Mass daily, if he really tries. Most everybody can be a saint. That's what the world needs today. Saints! The more the merrier. And the more merrier, the more saintly!

Cardinal Rugambwa Alleluia

We rejoice with the whole Church, with all members of the Mystical Body of Christ, in the raising by Pope John 23rd, of seven of our Bishops to the rank of Cardinal.

And we are filled with a special joy that our good friend, Most Rev. Laurence Rugambwa of Rutab, Tanganyika, So. Africa, is one of the seven new Princes of the Church.

In April 1957, the Cardinal visited Madonna House, accompanied by Fr. John LeVecque of the White Fathers, Ottawa. He said Mass for us, and on Holy Thursday he officiated at the ceremonies, and kissed the feet of twelve of our men at the Mandatum, the washing of feet.

He visited our two farms. He inspected everything there, and everything in Madonna House. He put on some old clothes and an unsightly hat, one day, and helped paint benches made for the Canada Colony at St. Anne's. He confessed it was the first time he had ever held a paint brush, or attempted to paint anything at all. He was delighted with the "job". He was delighted with everything in and about Madonna House, especially the men and women and priests, and with "the spirit of the house".

We felt both blessed and honored. We took this tall, Black, handsome man, this humble smiling Christ, to the deepest part of our hearts. We sang all our songs for him. We had a riot of music. We had a royal feast, though there was nothing on the tables but the usual fare. We felt as though God Himself had come to dine with us.

The first time he came, he said the Community Mass for us. The recited Mass in which all of us join our voices to that of the celebrant. And for a few moments we went a little distance away from this matter-of-fact world. It was when the Bishop began the Our Father.

It was Your Son, Jesus, Lord, in that delightful African high priest, who addressed You as Our Father. His Father and mine—ours! Father of all the people in the world. Black and white. Yellow and red and brown. And all the tints of color in between. Our Father!

Thank You Father for giving Your children a Prince who makes so evident to everyone, in this time when there is so much need, the brotherhood of all of us, under Your Fatherhood.

Archbishop Inaugurates Council

By Mary K. Rowland

Stella Maris House, Portland, Oregon—On Feb. 26 our Archbishop Edward Howard visited Stella Maris for the first time. The occasion was the inauguration of the Catholic Interracial Council of Portland. It was indeed a wonderful privilege and pleasure to have His Grace attend the meeting, give his approval to the CIC, and bless the House with his presence.

A group had been meeting at Stella Maris for several months, discussing various ideas, plans, problems etc. within the area. Under the leadership of Bill McCoy, one of our outstanding apostolic laymen, the group drew up their principles and objectives, which His Grace approved. Action is now under way to affiliate with the National Council. The Portland Catholic Interracial Council is on its way!

What is the purpose of the Catholic Interracial Council? To help our fellow Catholics realize their tremendous privilege to be part of the Mystical Body of Christ, and their role as part of the Church in the whole interracial question. To help spread an understanding of the Church's teaching on interracial justice and how it must be applied to everyday living. To provide an opportunity for those who have had very little or no contact with members of various minority groups to meet and work together with them on common projects.

There is a great and intense need for people of both majority and minority groups to become acquainted with one another as individuals . . . as a distinct person—not just a prejudiced stereotyped thinking—by presenting

the real facts in many cases (for ignorance plays a big part in prejudice) . . .

Any and every means are open to those interested—movies—discussion groups—study clubs—panel discussions—speakers—filmstrips . . . whatever appeals to a particular group . . . to get across the idea of the immense dignity of a human being, made in God's image and likeness. Because of the uniqueness of each individual—gradually comes the realization also of acceptance of each person as a person, for his own talents and virtues, faults and failings, with his particular background and education.

Because of this tremendous dignity of each man, and his eternal destiny, we are also concerned with man's material needs. Whether or not a man has a job which will support his family, if his family is healthy or sick, if he can provide a clean, decent house for them to live in, if they can eat properly, if they can be clothed warmly, these things affect very profoundly a man's attitude to himself and others . . . St. Thomas tells us "a modicum of necessity is needed for the practise of virtue" . . . and before we can do a great deal of talking about supernatural things, we must look to helping man live in a way commensurate with his human dignity . . .

One field which I have been working in quite a bit lately is housing. There is an increasing interest in housing, how can we provide better housing for those who need it, housing for those in a very low income bracket—and housing for Negroes who do not want to live in the ghetto. The last problem—that of interracial integration in housing is one field where there is so much misunderstanding and prejudice and fear, that it is really sad. Yet there seems to be an awakening toward the problem and a seeking for help.

Lately I have been asked to be part of a panel discussion group on this particular problem. We have been asked to go to different Churches for various group meetings. I get kind of thrilled each time—for the panel itself is a lesson in understanding and co-operation, being composed of Negro and white, Catholic and Protestant. One man from the Urban League discusses the actual problems in Portland. I have the moral aspects of discrimination in housing. It is a tremendous kind of an opportunity—and most encouraging to see the seeds of understanding and compassion planted and take root . . .

This is the divine Commandment that has been given to us; "the man who loves God, must be one who loves his brother as well." I John 4: 21

On Rivers And Men

By Jose de Vinck

Rivers flow. The Madawaska, being very much of a river, flows in her own limpid and quiet way, offering in summer her sweet coolness and sandy beaches for the delight of men. Then Autumn comes, and still the Madawaska flows in a glory of burnished leaves. And then comes the stillness of winter, the glint of ice upon the water, the soft coating of snow upon the ice, and still, the Madawaska flows, on and on, toward the all-absorbing ocean . . .

Life flows, like a river: sometimes summery and sweet, sometimes gloriously autumnal, sometimes in a winter nightmare of frost and solitude. And yet, nothing can stop its flowing. And nothing can reverse its course, down, down to eternity . . .

A river is blind, and its voice is but an unconscious murmur of praise. A river runs toward an ocean it never can know or love. A river runs to its loss in the anonymous mass of many waters. And yet, it prays as it goes, the words of an unconscious Magnificat: for it is God's own river, good by its very being, good for man, and thus it is part of the universal Song of Praise.

Man can see where he goes, and his voice expresses consciousness. He may turn to the ocean of love, lovingly, or in his freedom, refuse to love his course. He may praise his Ocean in the happiness of his summer, in the glory of his autumn, in the sorrow of his winter seasons; or he may revolt, seek joy alone, glory alone, and despair in the bitterness of self. But he cannot stop the flow of life that carries him on and on, the flow of love that cradles him in the valley of time, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, now and always and forever and ever. Amen.

My New Friend - A Purse Snatcher

(Occasionally there comes to the desk of the Editor a piece that is so sparkling and bright with life and human interest that he cannot resist the opportunity of using it and putting it into print. We think the following letter fits into this category and hope you enjoy it as much as we did.)

Dear B,

An incident happened last night that is so unusual, I'm sending an account to you. I wrote it last night, hurriedly, because I was too excited to sleep. May God help him and all of us who live in the world. The forces of good and evil are equally at work. The newspapers blatantly spill out news of sex murders, bombings, arguments between labor and management resulting in violence and dynamiting. Side by side with the subtle appeals to comfort and luxury is a parish like All Saints' where every effort is made to give to the laity a deep understanding, appreciation, and love for the Faith, the Mass, the Eucharist, the Sacraments. This is combined with discussions of current events in which Catholics must know what the Church teaches and must take a stand.

I started work on Friday. It's simple clerking, and will give plenty of opportunity to do the little things with great love for God. Another lady and I are going to rearrange the books for sale in a more organized system. You will recognize the finished product—it will be your method.

B, I love you and respect you for what you are, for what the Holy Spirit has accomplished through you for so many, and particularly what you have done for me. My mind, as you see in the enclosed story, automatically reverts to your ideas. It is God's grace that puts them in my consciousness when they are needed.

I am meeting many people, and developing good friendships. Who was it said, "Where there is no love, bring love, and you will find it." (Ed. It was St. John of the Cross.) People are so lonely, afraid and wanting desperately to talk and be understood. And I include myself here.

God bless you and all your works. The new issue of Restoration is excellent.

Affectionately,
M.

"Saturday evening Kay, a girl I recently met, and I decided to go to see the movie, 'He Who Must Die,' a French-Italian film about a 1921 incident in Greece during the struggle between the Greeks and Turks. I dressed, and walked down to the corner to wait for the bus. It was almost 8:15 and softly drizzling. This section of the city is beautiful—beautiful, large homes, surrounded by well-kept, spacious lawns.

Quiet Evening

In one hand was my bus fare; in the other, I held the chain handle of my purse. As I waited, a young fellow came up from the side street. He waited on the corner in back of me. Suddenly he moved up closer to the curb, and I, thinking the bus was coming, looked up the street. At that instant, my purse was roughly pulled away from me. "Could he be joking?" flashed through my mind. I whirled around; he was running down the dark side street with my purse—my money—everything! I always thought that in an emergency, I would be paralyzed with fright. How wrong! Instinctively, I took off after him. Screaming and yelling uncontrollably, I chased, "Come back, come back!—Give it back! Help—help!"

Pursuit of Purse

We ran for several blocks in one direction, then he crossed the street and took off perpendicular, by running across a lawn. I gained on him. Nobody heard me, nobody came outside—no person was in sight. My voice started to get raspy and shaky. My legs would not go much further. Just then, he ran into a driveway, and behind a house. Thinking, he would run around the back, and out the other street, I turned around and ran back to the other side of the house. A dog stood at the window and barked.

"I'm finished," I thought. At that moment, he appeared, and said, almost pleading:

"Here."

"Give me my! . . ."

"You can have it. Take it."

By that time, he had walked to where I stood, in stark wonder, and gently handed me the purse.

"My God!" feeling suddenly weak, "Why did you do it?"

"I don't know. Needed the money, I guess. Oh, I don't know." He was at the point of collapse from lack of breath.

We walked together down the street, like two friends, walking in the rain.

"Here, if you need money, take it. Why didn't you ask me? I would have given it to you."

This is what B said she would do if she caught someone stealing. No one steals without a reason.

Placid Panic

He asked me where I was going. I said downtown. I asked him how to get back to the point from which we started. He took me there, but by that time the bus

The Power Of Love

A man was walking down a road carrying a heavy burden on his back. His step was slow, his breathing laboured, his body bent with the weight of the load. He stumbled, fell, tried to get up but the last ounce of energy had been drained from his body and the last ounce of courage from his spirit. He sat there in the dust weeping bitter tears, bemoaning his lot and, like Job, cursing the day of his birth.

And then the gentle Lord appeared to him.

"Why do you sit here, weeping and cursing, bemoaning your lot?" He asked softly, "Tell Me your cares, share with Me the mighty sorrows of your heart."

And the man answered: "This pack I am made to carry all the days of my life, this heavy load of crosses is more than I can bear. Would that I could continue this journey manfully and without complaint, but Your holy will is hard, You demand far too much of human nature. I beg of You, remove these crosses with which You have laden my life." In fear and trembling he bent low in the dust before the Lord Almighty awaiting punishment and rebuke for the boldness of his speech.

But the Lord went to Him, lifted the pack from the tired shoulders, and gave him His hand.

"Rise," He said, "let us examine these many crosses you claim have come from My will." The bag was opened revealing its collection of crosses, some black, some grey, and a small one, light and shiny. "This one is from Me," He said, "the others are of your own making. Throw them out and you will understand that My yoke is easy and my burden light."

The man did just that. He threw away all the black crosses, all the grey crosses, threw away the bag, tied the one shiny cross to his neck, kissed the Lord's feet reverently and proceeded on his journey with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart.

Too Many Crosses

There is suffering in our lives, but perhaps much is of our own making, for the Lord has told us that "His yoke is easy and His burden light." Our suffering is often due to not getting what we want. We become frustrated, resentful, hostile to our environment and to the people in it, we become depressed.

These negative reactions, these painful reactions, result from craving, our desire for things we should not have or cannot have. The evil consists mainly in having desires which nothing or no one can fulfill or should fulfill. We attempt to satisfy our hunger for happiness with things which are unable to nourish us.

Therefore, much pain can be avoided if we throw away all our desires except one; if the desire to do the will of the Beloved, of God. This mental attitude, based upon faith and trust in His goodness and power will gradually lead us to Him without having to carry the heavy baggage of evil desires—our black crosses, or mediocre desires—our gray crosses, leaving on our back the small, shiny, light cross willed for us by God.

Christ tells us to seek first "the Kingdom of God and its justice" and He assures us "that all the rest will be added" unto us. He assures us that this is the way—this singleness of purpose, which will lead us to a great union of love with Him, to joy and happiness.

Christian Joy

Our joy as Christians is often weak, at times non-existent. Now a man knows joy when he possesses what he desires. A joyless Christian evidently does not have what he wants. Sadness is a follower of Christ indicates an unhealthy spiritual condition, for the Christian has every reason to rejoice. All through the Gospels—which are the Good News not the bad news, the Lord explains over and over to His disciples that they are to find their joy and their happiness in the midst of poverty, of tears, of sorrows, and of persecution. "Happy are you poor for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven. Happy are you who hunger now, for you shall be satisfied. Happy are you who weep now, for you shall laugh. Happy are you when men hate you, and when they shut you out and reproach you, and reject your name as evil, because of the Son of Man. Rejoice on that day and exult, for behold your reward is great in Heaven." (St. Luke, 22:20-23). The Christian is told that he must not consider poverty, sorrow, hunger, persecution as an obstacle to his joy, but rather that if they come into his life, he should find therein his happiness. If he tries feverishly, frantically, unpeacefully to solve

these problems or to escape from all pain, he will be plagued by frustration, by guilt feelings and depression. Life for such a one becomes grim and the law of God which is all love becomes harsh and impossible to bear. A sad Christian has not grasped the essentials of his faith.

We have many other reasons for rejoicing amidst the difficulties and tribulations which are the common lot of fallen human nature: Christ has taken upon Himself the major portion of our atonement, He carried mankind's cross and left us only a little splinter as our share; He triumphed over death with hope of eternal life; He resurrected from the dead so that we too could resurrect one day in glory! For our journey on earth He clothed our impoverished humanity with the warm and shining robe of His grace; to fight the enemy, He has filled our souls with virtue; to satisfy our hunger, He gives us Himself each day, should we want Him, He strengthens us by the food which is Himself; and to make each day a glorious one, His grace is offered profusely to all men of good will whereby the humblest action is transformed into a thing of beauty. His love surrounds us, enfolds us, warms us every step of the way.

Love Eliminates Desires

A joyless Christian is no Christian at all. He lives not by faith but by natural values. He assesses his desires, his faith and takes the words of Christ to heart "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and its justice AND ALL THE REST SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU." Love alone, illumined by faith and strengthened by hope, can make us seek the one thing necessary, union with the Beloved. If we strive each day to live in love, patiently, kindly, seeking not our own but only the will of the Beloved, then shall we get rid of our multitudinous desires, of our frustrations, of all the useless crosses we carry. Love is a power, it has the power to reject, to eliminate our desires, in the measure in which we let it free to focus upon one desire: union with the Beloved according to His will.



I AM THE
RESURRECTION
AND THE LIFE

STRANGER THAN
TRUTH IS

We were sitting around, discussing the "dispositions of Divine Providence".

This priest said, "Four times during my life, I was given up as one dead. And yet here I sit."

When I was a boy, we lived in the country. There was a train every other day to Quebec City. I came down with double pneumonia. Our doctor was in the city at a medical convention. I had a raging fever. My mother asked her brother, my uncle, to take the train to the City, see the doctor, and get medicines. He did. He found the doctor, got the medicines, and came back to the railroad station, to see the train disappearing down the track. He knew it was two days before another train. He stood on the platform and began to pray. In a few minutes, the train came backing up. The engineer had forgotten something. He got on. I got the medicines.

"Another time, I was out of the country—that is, out of Canada. I had tuberculosis. The radiologist looked at the X-rays, and shook his head. The doctor said to the Sister-nurse, 'It is cheaper to bury him here than send him back to Canada.' The Sister pleaded, and he consented. I was sent back. How I got back I don't know. And yet here I sit."

TRAINING OF LAY APOSTLES

By C. Doherty

When all is said and done, any efforts to explain, organize, or plan the training of Lay Apostles . . . it finally comes down to a very simple and fundamental verity of God—and our Faith.

The Lay Apostles have fundamentally to understand, THAT GOD LOVED THEM FIRST!

Once this tremendous Truth has really impenetrated the mind, the heart, and the soul of Lay Apostles, then one could consider them already trained . . . in essence. Oh, there will be many little points that will have to be added; many skills that will have to be acquired; but they shall POSSESS THE ESSENCE OF THEIR VOCATION AND MOTIVATION!

FOR TO UNDERSTAND . . . TO TRULY APPREHEND . . . THROUGH MIND, SOUL, HEART, AND EVEN SENSES . . . THE IMMENSITY OF THIS UNIQUE FACT . . . THAT GOD LOVED US FIRST . . . IS TO PASSIONATELY DESIRE TO LOVE HIM BACK!!

Then, Religion, Faith and the Apostolate—become what they should be . . . what they were meant to be . . . A LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN GOD AND MAN . . . AND MAN AND GOD! Then the role of the priest becomes transparently clear . . . all he has to do is to use the grace of his state—and of the tremendous Sacrament of Ordination—that he received, as well as the knowledge at his command, to make this unique, ineffable fact clear to the Lay Apostles.

Then it also becomes evident, that he can do so only if he has understood it himself. It is also evident that since this fact is apprehendable only very slowly . . . part by part, as it were—unless the grace of God strikes one like it did "Saul who is Paul" . . . then it also follows that both priests and Lay Apostles are going to grow in that understanding, this apprehension . . . of this FUNDAMENTAL, LUMINOUS VERITY AND FACT. In other words, they will become SAINTS together . . . heroic saints . . . the kind our age demands . . . together — BY LOVING GOD BACK!

Impediment

However, a grave obstacle stands in the way of Lay Apostles. Man, in our modern age, has lost the Personal God that Christ was meant to be. To him, as I have already tried to explain in this outline, God—at best—is an abstract notion. The average man cannot comprehend . . . or apprehend . . . the word "SPIRIT". Nor does he possess a personal notion of God, as A LOVER . . . so he contents himself with an amorphous, unclear apprehension, or comprehension of God.

Secularism has helped this confusion, as have many "ISMS" that are not Catholicism. The fact remains, that if the truth be told . . . modern man . . . and with him modern youth . . . Catholic youth also . . . DO NOT KNOW THE FACE OF LOVE . . . OF TRUE LOVE . . .

Either they have romantic notions . . . and confuse the emotions and passions that are part of love; or they equate love with good-manners, gentle voice, superficial kindness, and such unimportant and often hypocritical details . . . of human intercourse.

Few have read . . . and many of those who have read, have not understood . . . the PORTRAIT OF TRUE LOVE . . . as expressed in that tremendous Epistle of St. Paul's . . . (I Cor. Ch XIII) which became known as "St. Paul's Hymn of Charity".

And the Cross!

Modern man fears love . . . and because modern man fears love . . . he fears pain — and hence, he fears the Cross . . . which stands as a Symbol of all pain gathered in the form of a Crucifix.

The secret of the Cross, which is also the secret of love, therefore escapes modern man. And he cannot understand spiritual writers discussing the JOYS OF THE CROSS.

So, the task of training Lay Apostles is the task of showing the FACE OF TRUE LOVE.

But the face of Love . . . is the Face of God. Every child born of woman already has the imprint of That Face on its soul. Nothing can erase the Image of That Face! What has happened to it? It has simply gotten covered with dust and grime . . . of ignorance, neurosis, and a thousand fears that go with both.

Since the joy of the Lay Apostolate and its members it to make that Face shine before the world . . . for his vocation of total consecration to God, under the Coun-

sels of Perfection—Poverty, Chastity and Obedience—is to witness to Christ on all the Market Places of the world. His first duty therefore, must be to clean the Image of That Face in his own soul!

This must be done for him—or at least ways of doing it must be given to him—through his training . . . ALL THE REST SHALL BE ADDED TO HIM.

Pastoral Institute

A Pastoral Institute, for the advanced study of contemporary parish problems, will be held this summer at Conception Seminary, Conception, Missouri, it was announced by the Rev. Augustine Stock, O.S.B., Director of the Institute.

The Institute will be open to priests and clerics in major orders, both diocesan and religious. It is designed to furnish instruction, going beyond what can be imparted in the regular four-year course in theology, in those branches of knowledge and those skills that make a priest an able pastor of souls. The courses are also selected in accordance with the requirements of the apostolic constitution *Sedes Sapientiae* and the annexed *Statuta Generalia*. For the religious who attend, these days of class may count toward the days of formal instruction required by the Constitution. It is intended that the Institute should be an annual affair.

The full course will run for eight weeks, June 19 to August 14. However any number of two-week periods may be attended.

Lectures will be given in three fields each summer. This year courses will be given in pastoral sociology, psychiatry, and Biblical pedagogy by specialists.

THIRD MELKITE CONVENTION

Fred Melof, safety engineer, Fairfield Steel Works, T. C. & I. Division of U.S. Steel Corp. has been selected as general chairman of the third Melkite convention of North America to be held in Birmingham, Alabama, June 24-26, 1960. Last June Mr. Melof led a delegation from St. George Church to the 2nd annual Melkite convention and was successful in bringing the convention to Birmingham next June. From four to five thousand registered persons are expected to attend the Birmingham convention.

Some of the arrangements for this great convention have already been made. The Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co. will bring an overseas message direct from the Holy Land to the Grand Banquet at the Tutwiler Hotel from his Beatitude Maximus IV Saigh, Melkite Patriarch. His Excellency, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, has been invited to the convention. A delegate of the Patriarch will be present.

Delegates and guests from 36 states, Canada and Mexico are expected.

This convention is a function of the Melkite Laymen's Association of North America to which St. George Church, Birmingham, will be host. Its purpose is the cultural enhancement and growth and perpetuation of the Melkite rite in the new world.

An extensive campaign will be carried on throughout the States as well as Canada and Mexico to bring the greatest convention of this kind to Birmingham, Alabama this June.



FRED MELOF
General Chairman
Third Melkite Convention

A TAXI HEARSE

Casa Maria Reina, Balmorhea, Texas—It was such a little coffin nobody wanted to look at it. It had been carefully made by the child's grandfather. He put a few pine boards together, skillfully and swiftly, during the night, and he lined the box with a blue cotton cloth. He used what was left of the material to cover the outside of the casket, and also to cover the lid. Still some of the pine showed. There was not enough cloth to make the job complete.

It was a dark shade of blue, that cloth, a depressing, humble, even ugly shade. But it was all there was in the house. It was the best there was in the house.

A Taxi Hearse

The old man not only made the coffin, he acted as the undertaker, and he drove the hearse to the grave yard. It wasn't a hearse in the real sense of the word. It was only a taxicab, a borrowed taxi. But it bore the little blue coffin in its luggage compartment, with the back open so the mourners could see it there. Hence it became a hearse. It became a hearse and an omnibus; for it not only carried the dead child to the grave; it carried as many of the relatives as the driver could crowd into it. The old man drove it himself.

The funeral was held in the Church of Christ the King, in Balmorhea, Texas, in the full glory of a brilliant sunny day, and in the cold torment of a wintry March wind.

The church is set in a sort of oasis in the desert. At any rate it does have cottonwood trees. They run along its frontage. And it has some shrubbery not growing in other parts of this West Texas.

The mountains rise up to the east, and the south, and the west, blue and lavender and mauve and gray — though sometimes God hides them with a light mist, or even a heavy fog. He does so, perhaps, only to reveal their true beauty in the light of the setting or the rising sun.

A Treeless Plain

The land this side of the mountains is flat. You can look for miles and miles across it, in some places, and never see a tree. It contains enormous stretches of desert, sand and greasewood, and continuous flights of brittle tumbleweeds. And it contains even more enormous stretches of irrigated farm lands, mostly cotton.

Here and there the monotonous, vacant, lonely landscape is broken up by a gin mill, a cotton warehouse, a flock of white and yellow fertilizer tanks—the mobile kind—a huddle of humble adobe houses (some of them patched with sheets of tin) and, here and there, a beautiful, rich, spacious modern house with a great TV antenna high above it. There are also a number of shabby looking barracks, far away from the highways. The braceros are housed there, the hundreds of men who come from Mexico to work in the cotton fields at the "prevailing wage", fifty cents an hour.

The people who live in the adobe houses are known as "Latins" here. That is, partly, because they do not like to be called Mexicans. They do not like to be called Mexicans because they are Americans. Some of their ancestors were Americans long before there was an America; were Texans long before there was a Texas. They were born in Texas, in America. They believe in America. They love America. Why should they be called Mexicans?

The Prevailing Wage

They do not ask why they are not considered Americans. But they are not — at least not by most of the people here, the so-called "Anglos." Anglo, in this part of the world, does not mean English. It means white. The white people live in the mansions. They own the fields. They pay the braceros 50 cents an hour. They pay other workers, whether they are neighbors or foreigners, only the prevailing wage. Fifty cents an hour.

Some "Latins" have large families. The "Latins" are simple people, humble people, beautiful people, loving people, natural people. They have heard of birth control. Many Protestant zealots have visited their homes to tell them all about it, and have sent them tons and tons of pamphlets. But they love children. They fill their shoddy houses with them. (And they fill heaven with them . . .)

They are happy when there is work, these Latins. They are poor. They will always be poor. Nobody gets rich on 50 cents an hour, even if he works eighty hours a week. But there is love in their huts. And there are beautiful babies.

But when there is no work . . . Th baby that died was nine months old. He lived in a hap-hazard sort of house not far from the church. His father was out-of-work. His grandfather was out of work. There was no heat in the house. There was no food in the house—except what some of the neighbors brought in. The baby died of malnutrition.

Tears Ask Why

One of the Staff Workers at Maria Reina, the Madonna House apostolate branch in Balmorhea, wept bitterly when she heard of the baby's death.

"Why didn't I know about this family before?" she asked herself. "We could have helped. We could have provided food. We could have given clothes. We might even have found some temporary work for the two men in the family. I feel guilty that I didn't know."

"And I feel sick", said a man who heard her crying. "Why didn't you know it? Why didn't I? I think I know the answer. These people are so used to being poor, and doing without what we consider necessities, that they never think of calling attention to a crisis. How many other families are in this plight? How many other babies must die of malnutrition in this rich West Texas?"

Two men carried the casket into the church. A small bunch of mourners gathered. The church was cold and dark, for Father Rowland, the pastor, had had trouble with the electric power.

The coffin was placed on a small table Father Rowland had set in the centre aisle.

"Head or feet first?" the old man asked.

"Feet toward the altar", the priest said. He apologized to the people for the chill of the church and retired to the sacristy. He returned to the altar in a white satin cope, a thin black ritual in his hands; the altar boy preceding him with holy water and smoking censer.

A Blessed Child!

The priest spoke, and one began to see the splendor of the Church.

"This child shall receive a blessing", he said, in English.

The words were the antiphon before the 23rd psalm, which he also read in English. "The Lord's are the earth and its fullness, the world and those who dwell in it."

"For He founded it upon the seas and established it upon the rivers."

"Who can ascend the mountain of the Lord? or who may stand in His holy place?"

"He whose hands are sinless, whose heart is clean, who desires not what is vain, nor swears deceitfully to his neighbor."

"He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, a reward from God, his Savior . . ."

The grandfather, sitting in a back pew, smiled, then covered his leathery face with a gaudy handkerchief, and coughed.

"This child shall receive a blessing from the Lord", the priest read on, "a reward from God his Savior."

Gifts of the Magi

And a moment later there was the prayer; "Almighty, and most loving God, Who . . . dost give everlasting life to all little children reborn in the font of Baptism, as we believe Thou has given it today to the soul of this little child, grant . . . that, by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of all Thy saints, we may serve Thee here on earth with pure minds, and join the company of blessed children forever in paradise, through Christ, Our Lord. Amen."

Then there was the Mass. The Mass of the Angels! The altar showed its Lenten purple, but the priest's chasuble was of white. He said the Gloria, and one almost expected him to burst out into just such alleluias as are heard on the feast of the Resurrection.

It was a sorry, pitiful, humble, "home-made", clumsy sort of funeral. But the splendor of the liturgy blessed it, the splendor of the mountains and the sun, the splendor of God Himself.

The undernourished son of an undernourished and despised family died in the dust of this rich cotton land; and very few people cared. But heaven was enriched, and glad to receive his soul. Perhaps he died to awaken consciences here—and to bring, through good people everywhere, clothing and food and cash to keep other children alive and warm and happy. Clothing, food, and cash! The Infant God will welcome them here in Balmorhea as he welcomed the gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh in Bethlehem so many years ago. And He will remember the givers when they go to join that "company of blessed children."

S.O.S. Casa Maria Reina, Box 252 Balmorhea Texas—the latest Mission of Madonna House . . . desperately needs clothing for men, women and children . . . including babies! In the name of Christ . . . if you can spare any . . . send them to the above address. Care of Miss Theresa Davis, Director.

COMBERMERE DIARY

Through the good offices of the Gold Cross, the personal charities of Pope John XXIII, under the sponsorship of Cardinal Leger, and the approbation of our Bishop, Most Rev. William J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, Madonna House was designated as a Distribution Centre for Government surplus for needy families and charitable institutions. Our Rural Apostolate team of Staff Workers.

Trudi Cortens, Mary Jean Beaudoin, Mary Gilmore, and Ann Chapman contacted the neighboring pastors, viz., Fathers Maloney, Rice, Haas, Maika, Holley, Dwyer, Shruder, and many hundred pounds of commodities were made available to many families in this area.

A Red Cross meeting was held at Madonna House during March to prepare for donations to a Blood Bank.

The Library is thinking in terms of a Bookmobile to extend its services locally.

The Weather Station at Killaloe reports that we have 30 inches of snow on the ground now. The largest falling in one storm this winter was 20 inches. We feel that Combermere even had a few more inches than that. We appreciate the friendly and courteous service that the men of this station render; whether it's checking for rain when it is laying time; the danger of early frost for gardens; the possibility of snow when a long trip is planned, and the like. Their public service is exemplary.

Catherine Doherty spent March on a lecture tour. Father Callahan and she attended a Secular Meeting for the clergy of Edmonton at Marian Centre on March 6th—from there she left for talks to groups in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Washington, D.C., Virginia and North Carolina.

Our warmest Easter wishes to all our friends, readers, benefactors. Alleluia!

LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page 1)

a flower show. No man has planted them. No man has nurtured or tended them. No man has seen they had the proper soil, moisture, warmth, light, shade. No man has given them his name to make them famous and expensive. No man would think of entering them in competition with cultured chrysanthemums or roses. Yet I love them better, I love them because You grew them, Lord. You alone. You grew them to show Your love for us. You breathed Your love upon them.

And now You have breathed Your love on me!

A Strange Delight

What can I say about that moment at the altar rail in St. Mary's church in San Antonio, when the priest put the Host upon my tongue—and mingled his breath with mine?

I was filled with a sort of rapture, and I could neither understand it, nor believe that it was so. Such a strange exhilaration filled me that I kept kneeling longer than I should. There was no reason for it! Or so I thought. I had smelt winey breaths before, sometimes with revulsion, sometimes with annoyance, sometimes with rude anger.

Why should this man's breath make me feel so exultant, so privileged, so blessed? I felt silly because I did not know the answer. His breath had fallen gently on me, like a puff of air from heaven, like a kiss that had floated from Your throne. Why? And why should I react like this?

But now I think I understand. That priest, a short time before, had consecrated bread and wine. He had said, "This is My Body . . . This is My Blood." He was no longer an ordinary man. He was Christ. He was still Christ to me, as he administered Communion. His breath was the breath of Christ, a gust of pure love blown from the chalice of His mouth! It was a breath rich with the scent of the consecrated wine; wine that was no longer wine, but blood, God's blood!

Breath of Rapture

The breath of Christ, sweet with the scent of His blood, was in my nostrils, in my lungs, and in my heart. How could I help but feel some sort of rapture?

Lord, from now on, let every breath of mine repay the gift of that ecstatic moment. Let every

breath be a prayer of thanks, and sorrow for my ugly sins, and love for You and for Your Mother, Your Spouse, and Your favorite daughter, Our Lady of Combermere, Our Lady of Balmorhea, Maria Reina, and for all Your saints and angels. And let it also be a prayer of petition for all those dear to me, the living and the dead, and all those dear to You and Mary.

You have numbered the breaths in my bosom as You numbered the hairs of my head. You gave me breath. You will take it from me when You wish. Amen! Let my last breath, God, be as pleasing to You as the breath of the priest was to me!

And let it be blessed with the wine of Your name, and the name of Jesus, and the names of Mary and Joseph.

Until that last breath, God — and forever after it—let me remain, Your Eddie.

One Man's Scrap Is Another Man's Gold

Thinking of Spring Cleaning? Spring is just around the corner. If you have any paints left over, that are not dried up . . . half a can there and maybe a full can of something else that you don't need now—for your color scheme has changed. . . you sure would be grateful for any remnants of paints you could send us. Outdoor paints . . . indoor paints . . . lacquer paint . . . quick-drying paint . . . slow-drying paint . . . paint for houses . . . floor paint . . . cement paint . . . all are welcome.

Speaking of paints . . . are there any artists in your family? Maybe they have married . . . maybe they have given up art. We'd be happy to have tubes of oil paints, brushes for oil painting too . . . or pictures . . . and any ARTIST SUPPLIES would be welcome, including pieces or blocks of drawing paper . . . soft erasers . . . good drawing pencils and such.

Any sculptors in the family . . . who left tools behind . . . for wood carving? Any tools pertaining to wood carving would be most welcome — as would be leathercraft tools.

We are still praying to St. Frances de Sales, patron of writers, FOR TYPEWRITERS . . . any old ones around that you don't need? We would love to have them.

Any farmers or farmer's lady reading this column . . . maybe you have a cauldron in some of the out-buildings . . . left from the old days of pig killing . . . And we would be so glad to get it—that we wouldn't mind if you crated it and send the freight charges . . . you could even send it collect. But of course, if you could afford the price of the freight . . . we would be most grateful. We are so desperate for them . . . we are almost ready to pay a few dollars for them. Our bank balance is not very fat . . . on the slender side I would say. So, if your charity can pay the freight . . . we would extend our thanks. If not, we would scrape the bottom of the barrel.

Speaking of barrels . . . any good oak-wood barrels around? We would like to get those if we could.

The Head of our Workshop just came in. He says . . . Could I put in such simple tools as HAMMERS . . . SCREW-DRIVERS . . . WRENCHES . . . ANY SIZE OR ALL SIZES . . . PLIERS . . . ANY SIZE TOO . . . SAWS . . . SWEDE SAWS AND STRAIGHT SAWS . . . SMALL, LARGE AND MEDIUM . . . are MOST WELCOME.

Maybe somebody . . . somewhere in Canada . . . has an electrical arc welding equipment . . . or maybe a gas welding equipment . . . or maybe both! These would truly be a god-send in our rural area . . . where so many repair jobs require that type of equipment.

Grease guns for the cars . . . on the farm and in Madonna House proper . . . oil cans . . . to oil with—long spouts . . . gasoline cans to carry gasoline, and oil cans to carry oil in—from a gallon to five . . . would be welcome.

Calling all ladies . . . we need very very desperately—remnants of wool . . . any color, any weight, any size . . . to make little afghans for baby cribs—and also to make baby garments. May we hope that you will send us some. Threads of all color and all numbers . . . sewing threads would be welcome . . . as well as embroidery threads . . .

For our building fund . . . if you have old gold. We discover that we can sell it—if we collect enough of it—so we are now collecting broken rings and brooches, old wedding rings, etc.

And oh yes! . . . old glasses. So many people have eye glasses lying around . . . old prescriptions . . . or people die. We collect them

for India. We heard from the missionaries that they need them so very badly.

Have your young ones graduated from High School or College. . . and left their binders behind—in which they were taking all their school notes and class notes? We would love to have the binder . . . and if there is any clean paper left, we would take that too!

As always, we are still looking for crocks and old cheese forms, churns, and other old-fashioned kitchen equipment — to make cheese and butter with.

And in your desks, pens, pencils, paper clips, thumb tacks, envelopes, stationery?

Thanks! God bless you! . . . We all do!

Catherine Doherty

Hockey in the Yukon

By Mamie Legris

The winter of 1960 has come and almost gone. It has been a fine, wonderful winter . . . the mildest of the six I have spent in the Yukon. We haven't even deep snow but there is sufficient to cover the dust and junk and so the whole place looks lovely and white.

Winter is a wonderful time in the Yukon. There is amusement for everyone and for those who are interested in sports there is an especially long list from which to choose. Curling, hockey, skiing, skating and sleigh riding seem to be the most popular. At Mary-house we have concentrated on hockey because our High School Indian boys are excellent hockey players and they in turn have gotten us quite interested.

So, nearly every Monday night during the winter, the staff workers have donned warm clothes and gone to the Arena to watch the juvenile hockey and cheer for our boys. It has been so much fun that as the season ends, the staff feel as down-hearted as the boys do and wish that the hockey season lasted twelve months of the year.

CYO Leads League

Our Indian boys and one white boy . . . Dave Carter, the goalie, make up the CYO hockey team. They have played exceptionally well this year—so well that they have never been beaten. They have put much into their favourite sport as has their coach, Robbie Robinson. Robbie has taught them many principles besides just shooting the puck into the goal and getting the highest score.

It was fun listening to the hockey talk at the table at St. Catherine's all winter. Even the girls are familiar with hockey expressions . . . slashing, checking, boarding, assisting, sticking, charging, etc. We have had more than one good laugh listening to the boys re-hashing a game.

After school it is not an uncommon sight to see the boys sitting in the dining room at St. Catherine's darning their hockey socks, sewing their pads, sewing on insignia, and even polishing their boots. . . for as Alfred Chief says "Robbie told us we must be tidy on the ice."

Hockey Best Medicine

Hockey is a good medicine for most of the illnesses among our boys. I remember the four days Joe Dennis was so sick with the flu. Yet, on the night of their game he came and asked if he could go although he had been in bed till noon that day. I hadn't the heart to forbid Joe so I said, "Joe, you know you have been quite sick but I leave it up to you." Imagine my surprise when I arrived at the Arena and saw our fine Joe on his skates and defending his line. Joe had no flu relapse and no illness since.

William Ertzta had such a sore wrist. Sean had bandaged it for several days hoping that it would be all right for the next game. But, it wasn't and Sean said, "William, maybe you shouldn't play tonight. Give your wrist a rest." Well, William played and scored four times. His wrist was fine but at the end of the game Dr. Boon had to put six sutures in William's eye.

Belfry got such a whack from a hockey stick that he had to have four stitches in his leg. Again we suggested that he skip

a game . . . knowing that he wouldn't . . . But before the game he came in and asked for a small piece of foam rubber to serve as padding to protect his leg in case he got another bang. And he played well at the game. Belfry really sends that puck.

The CYO team has won the semi-finals and the finals are ahead. They have won the League Championship, they have made the highest score and have the best goalie in the Juvenile League.

They are quite interested in Senior Hockey, too. They attend all the games in town and listen to the NHL games on the radio. We have a bulletin board at St. Catherine's for all sorts of things. Lately I notice that everything but a picture of Our Holy Father has been removed and all the space has been filled up with pictures of hockey players like Leo Boivin, Norm Ullman, Terry Sawchuk, Billy Harris, Red Kelly, etc.

So, do you blame us if we are a little sorry that the hockey season is nearly over for another year?



SECULAR INSTITUTE

(Continued from Page 1)

Sage Advice

Archbishop Anthony Jordan opened the proceedings at Marian Centre on March 6th with a learned and clear-cut introductory address on the origin, role and goals of Secular Institutes, stressing the fact that the priests of the Edmonton diocese had a great part to play—as did priests everywhere—in directing through the confessional and the parlor—vocations to this new, as yet, little-known, but vital vocation.

He urged the priests to ask all questions possible from the representatives of the six groups present. Then a representative of each Institute gave a short talk on the history of their origins, training, way of life and goals. The day closed with an address from His Grace Archbishop John H. MacDonal, who expressed his deep approval of this new vocation and again encouraged the priests of the diocese to help the members thereof in the diocese in any manner that was within their power. He also spoke of having had the pleasure of meeting some members of such Institutes when they were even barely known in Europe.

It was decided by the members of the various Institutes that further regional meetings should be held throughout Canada and more representatives from the East invited to participate and plans be made to make this vital new vocation known throughout our vast land.

Truly, Marian Centre was privileged and blessed to be host to such a historical and blessed gathering.



Pictured above is the "summer" patio next to Madonna House in its winter garb. We really had snow this past winter! Yes—that is a person standing on the path by the porch!

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